

SENIOR BOOSTER



January, 1917



IN APPECIATION of his past success on the faculty and as an expression of loyalty and support in his new duties as head of our school, the January '17 class dedicates this issue to Mr. E. H. Kemper McComb.



THE CLASS PROPHECY - RALPH PROCTOR

Whether it was a vision, a dream, or a mere hallucination, I don't know. At any rate, I saw things "passing strange." I saw distinctly George Littell, Gerald Watson, and Fred Glossbrenner singing to a large audience. How natural they looked, and how I longed for them to keep on singing. But the music slowly died away and the trio was gone.

Then appeared Manual, the school of our meditations, and, sure enough, Miss Burnside still presided over room 29.

There then frisked into view Raymond Carson with a pair of scissors in his hand and a bottle of hair tonic under his arm. The first victim of this mighty barber was Robert Kennington, who slept beneath his caressing touch. The next applicant for Raymond's skill was Earl Hart, chief stockholder in the town's movie show.

Who should appear now but Juanita Fish, smiling amid the wares of a confectionery shop, to be superceded by Edwin Ennis, more handsome than ever, wiping the tables of his ice cream parlor.

The cackle of the hen and the crow of the rooster heralded my introduction to the chicken farm of Miller and Kenneth Wright. Were they working in the chicken yard? Positively no! They were viewing instead the dozens of eggs which were like so many dollars lying around, for eggs in 1924 are quoted at eighty cents a dozen.

The sands of the desert swept into view. Harold McNulty, Robert Bragg, and Harry Hoddie, all three in the picturesque dress of the East, mounted upon camels, were traveling along an old caravan route. Harold McNulty was selling H₂O which Harry Hoddie carried, the money for which was received by Bob Bragg, who had a national cash register at his elbow. They expected a thriving business, but home consumption was reducing their stock. Harold was taking his seventh drink when the desert scene passed from view.

Again a theater! By all the familiar surroundings I knew it to be Keith's. There was being presented by Fred Harrington and his wife, Helene Fahrback, and Paul Draper, Elsa Goett and Gretchen Nackenhorst, a one-act comedy, entitled "Parsnips." I was just wondering whether it could equal "Carrots," when the picture completely vanished.

CLASS OFFICERS



Dorothy Simering, Secretary; George Littel, President; Helen Burnett, Vice-President; Julius Frick, Treasurer.

The Class Plays

The January '17 class departed from the usual custom, and gave three short plays, instead of one long play.

The three plays were "Christmas Boxes," "Carrots," and "The Dust of the Road"—a comedy, a domestic tragedy, and a moral play. The three plays chosen thus allowed a greater field of dramatic effort.

In the first play, "Christmas Boxes," Ralph Proctor, as "Dennis," and Esther Thompson, as "Nora," kept the audience in laughter with their humorous dialogue and amusing situations. They were ably supported by the rest of the cast.

A difficult transition from a humorous play to a play with a serious atmosphere, was very well handled by the cast in "Carrots." Paul Draper, as "Carrots," and George Littel, as "Mr. Lepic," his father, succeeded in delineating character to an extent that was remarkable for untrained actors.

The crowning success of the performance was the "Dust of the Road." Undoubtedly, Paul Iske, as the tramp, was the most finished actor of the entire production; his diction, his gestures, and the intonation of his lines

was excellent. The supporting cast was as perfect as possible.

The "behind-scene" people are greatly responsible for the perfection and smooth running of the various scenes.

THOSE RESPONSIBLE.

"Christmas Boxes."

Dorothy Simering, Melba Coulter, Pauline Hart, Esther Thompson, Julius Frick, Edwin Ennis, Gerald Watson, Ralph Proctor.

"Carrots."

George Littel, Gretchen Nackenhorst, Elsa Goett, Paul Draper.

"Dust of the Road."

Fred Harrington, Helene Fahrback, Dallas Galbraith, Paul Iske.

Stage Settings.

Chelsea Stewart, George Mess.

Stage Manager and Assistants.

John Goll, Robert McMurray, Raymond B. Freeman, Herbert Wood, Jos. Steiner.

Electrical.

Evans Plummer, William Rhodes.

Property.

B. Haeuissen, Fred Glossbrenner, Charlotte Albright, Alaska Tacoma, Flora Weiland, Ruby Perkins.

Business.

Louis Ewbank, Ray Carson.

Programs and Tickets.

John Davis, Dolores Hall.

Costumes.

Mabel Tyner, Marguerite Wetzel, Edna Dobbs, Edna Losche, Marie Denny, Gladys Hancock.

—Raymond B. Freeman.

Ivy Day

If you are so disposed, take a magnifying glass and search carefully along the front wall of Manual until you come to a new white marker. There you will find a small young vine struggling vigorously with the turf, and upon closer inspection you will find that it is the foundation of what will be a large ivy vine.

This precocious little vine was placed there November the first by the departing January class, or rather by George Littell, while the class crowded around and looked on. Then, after the act was done, ninety Seniors formed in line and sedately marched into the auditorium to a march played by Malcolm Day. Before sitting down, and while their ribbons and armbands were still unmussed, they sang their Ivy Song, the words of which were written by Helen Fahrbach and sung to the tune of "Come Back to Erin."

George Littell, president, then presented the Ivy, which was graciously accepted by Mr. McComb. Another Ivy Song, the words and music of which were written by Helen Sommers, was sung. Several rounds were sung by the "stepladder trio," Watson, Littell, and Glossbrenner. After the recitation of the class poem by Gertrude Wilkinson, a piano solo by Helen Sommers, the singing of another song, "To the Ivy," the words by Mabel Tyner, George Littell, in a short speech, presented the Ivy trowel to the president of the June class, Paul Kleeman, who accepted it in the name of his class. "On Manual" was sung, followed by the rousing yells of the class. This closed the exercises.

The Roines Club.

What Phi Beta Kappa and other honorary societies are to students in colleges, the Roines Club is to the boys of Manual. The members of this club represent the best scholarship and the finest traditions of the school, and their purpose is always to be on the lookout for ways in which to help the school, as is suggested in their motto, "Altogether, all the time for a greater E. M. T. H. S."

The members of the Roines Club have, in continuing their bond of friendship and loyalty after their graduation, formed a natural nucleus in the Alumni Association for promoting the interests of the school.

—Evans E. Plummer.

Class Day

Was Friday's class day a success? Just ask the class. From the short opening address by George Littell to the enthusiastic yells by our departing Seniors, the audience was kept interested and amused. The class history, prophecy, will, poem and Senior alphabet, given in another part of the Booster, will verify this in part. The parody on the class plays, by Dallas Galbraith, was something worth remembering. The curly-wurly puppy was the main character. Yes, we had songs; one by the "stepladder trio" and one by Ralph McWilliams. Fred Glossbrenner was a good dummy at the mercy of George Littell, in "A Bunch of Rags." Fred Glossbrenner, Paul Iske, and George Mess drew the cartoons shown in "Light on Senior Activities." After the presentation of the gavel by the January class president to that of the June class, "On Manual" was sung by all. The program ended with class yells, led by Fred Glossbrenner.

—Emma Tacoma.

Masoma Snapshots for Senior Class Books.

1

The first is a group of Masoma girls in consultation with Mrs. Rhem. There is Helen Smith, the president of the club; Gretchen Nackenhorst on the point of making a remark of protest; and seated around are Emma Tacoma, Alaska Tacoma, Dolores Hall, Melba Coulter, and Grace Carter, pondering on what has been said.

2

This is Helen Fahrbach leaning over the office desk taking directions from Miss Johnson for some message to be taken over the building.

3

No, this isn't a scene in the class play; it is a little tableau given for the club by a few of the girls at Xmas time.

4

That girl you see putting away the books in the library is Esther Hummel, one of the assistants this year.

5

Here is an interesting picture. Mrs. Rhem at her desk, Miss Emery at her side, both busily engaged in cutting something. That group of girls at the table are also cutting and pasting. It must be the joke books they made for the sick in the hospitals at Xmas time.

—Esther Hummel.

THE BOOSTER

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SENIOR COMMITTEE.

Paul Iske, Evans Plummer, Raymond
Freeman, Alaska Tacoma, Esther Hummel.
Art Editor.....George Mess

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Down comes the curtain; it's all over; time for the next act. Poor old January seventeens must exit and each one separately book-up at another show.

Upon our word, we do hate to go. For just think, we are about to be disbanded and scattered to the winds. We have been classmates for four years and have just begun to know each other well, to find out that in this class are lofty ambitions, and that there is a joy of fellowship which we feel we will never be able to find anywhere else. Then, too, we are about to leave the influence of those many teacher friends who have been continually revealing new and bigger things to us.

We tell you we feel blue, but we are not going to be babyish and cry about it. We know that we have been in school to prepare for what is coming—life. We seek large tasks before us and we want to get out and do our share of the world's work. We have gotten our visions and we are going to stick to them. So it is that we say au revoir with a pang at the heart, and all pile off the stage so that the June seventeens may come on ready for the next act.

Athletics.

Starting with two new coaches and a record-breaking membership of one thousand members in the Athletic Association, Manual has had a very successful term for athletics.

In the fall tennis tournament, more aspirants turned out than ever before, both in the girls' and in the boys' tourney. Florence Walsh won the singles, and Dorothy Simering and Florence Walsh won the doubles championship in the girls' tournament, and Carl Fechtman won the singles, and Gerald Watson and Carl Fechtman won the doubles championship in the boys' tourney. There was much strong competition in both tournaments.

A new feature introduced by Head Coach Williams this year was the cross-country work, intended for the training of candidates for basketball. Eugene Kessler won the first annual cross-country run staged in October. In the cross-country meet, held between Shortridge and Manual, Manual took first in points, but a Shortridge man finished first. Fred Cady took second for Manual.

In the Olympic games held in connection with the Centennial celebration, Manual took second with eleven points. Fred Gartens starred with eight points and O'Conner made the rest.

The basketball season started with a rush when Coaches Travis and Claude Williams held a mass meeting of boys' basketball material. More than one hundred and fifty boys signed up for practice. The girls, too, had a large and enthusiastic turnout at their basketball mass meeting. Miss Smith has been more than pleased with the way in which the girls of the school have taken hold of athletics this term. Since then, time has flown rapidly and a strong state team quintet will soon be selected. Morse and Overstreet are the only last year's state team men left to play, but many new men who are strong players are available, thanks to the big turnout at the beginning of the season. One of the faculty was heard to say, "We could almost lick Wabash," and he isn't much wrong, either.



THE CLASS HISTORY - GRACE CARTER

With humble and meek apologies to those geniuses who are indulging freely in free verse, I offer this Class History.

To most of us, four, fair, fine winters,
Each following a summer of vacation,
Have flown into Time's vastness,
Since, filled at first with inward pride
That we had reached that place of joy
and consequence,

We entered the Freshman's door to
Manual Training.

'Twas then we thought that we indeed
were It!

Later, half terrified, awakening, we
knew

We were but units, in a throng forever
coming, and forever going

Thro' those portals, when for a brief
glad time,

They mingle with each other for a
term of years

In study and in play.

More thoughtfully did we pass

Thro Sophomore and Junior years,
Which are now resolved into shadows
dim

And memories of the past.

At last came we into our own,
Crowning glory of all our ambitious
dreams,

Our Senior year. And then we organ-
ized

And we are the class of January 1917.

In our midst was a tall commanding
figure,

Named George Littell

Of whom we stood in awe and whom
we greatly feared.

And him we made our president.

(We were afraid not to do this).

Helen Burnett, vice president we
made,

For she was easy and sweet to look
at, if sometimes

Our president was not there.

For treasurer we needed a bold, brave
man,

One who could hypnotize our Seniors
And take from them their coin.

So we thought how doubly qualified
was one,

Named Julius Frick, and him we gave
this office.

Now these be times of war,
And secretaries must be chosen
Who can write notes galore
And get away with them.

Smooth must their language be
And flowing like a spring.

One who can do this and more,
Is Dorothy Simering, our secretary and
scribe.

Next we looked about

A motto somewhere to find,

In this we soared high

And bade each other, now and ever-
more

"Be a Voice and Not an Echo" here
below.

We wanted colors for our class,
And here our brave young men

Demanded that cerise, the flame of
war,

Should decorate our ranks; ah!—but
no,

Our wiser counsel ruled them down.
Old rose we wore, as soft and soothing

to our minds,

And not inciting riots or anarchistic
thoughts.

We finished our regalia with a pin and
armband

We could wear on Ivy Day.

The pin designed by Glossbrenner,

The armlet by George Mess, both fine
artistic souls,

Of whom we're mighty proud.

There is no flower under heaven

So fine as Madame Schawyer's Rose.

And, as we would have nothing but
the best,

We sought this out from all the rest.

Then came all the parties, all the
dances and the like,

First among them was the hike

And oh! such matchless eats—quan-
tity not limited.

Next in line was Ivy Day. Then we
handed on

The courtesy extended to us last term,
And invited the June class to view

us in all the glory

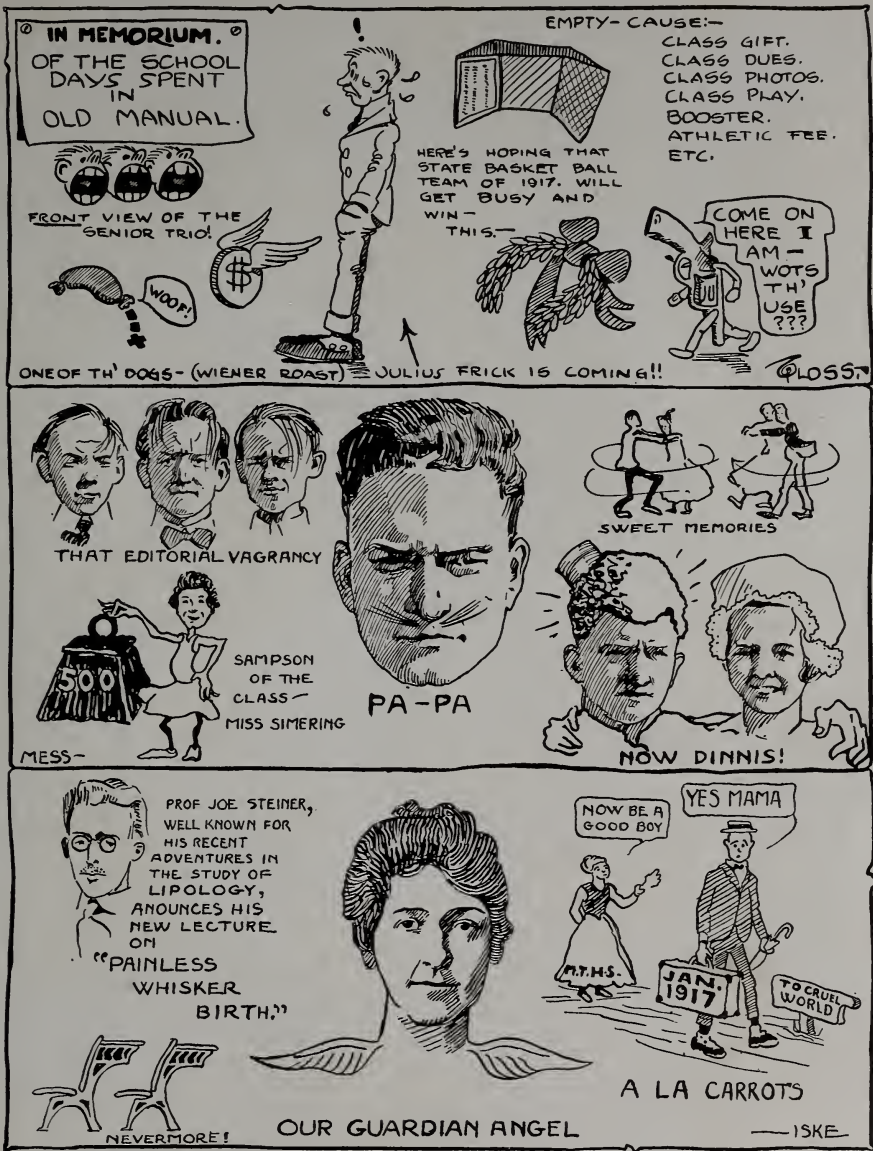
Of our new insignia.

Then came the Penal Party, which I
am sure we all enjoyed.

Continued on page 8

Alphabetum—By Fred Glossbrenner

- Before I start
This bunch of nonsense
Let no good fellow
Take any offense.
- I merely am up here
To take up your time
So here goes the alphabet
Into a rhyme.
- A is for Albright,
A lass very neat.
When Watson is mentioned
She fails to act sweet.
- B is for Bartholomew,
A basketball star.
No other is like him;
He beats them by far.
- C is for Coulter,
A sweet little maid,
'Cause in the class-play
Her part was well played.
- D is for Draper,
He runs on his merits.
He also is famed
For his acting as "Carrots."
- E is for Ewhank,
So solemn and straight.
Whene'er you see him—
He looks quite sedate.
- F stands for Freeman,
A lad with long hair.
His mouth always works
And produces hot air.
- G is for Goll,
An industrious lad.
And when shoving scenery
He isn't half bad.
- H is for Hart—
Pauline—not the other.
For many think Earl
To be her kid brother.
- I is for Iske,
Both artist and actor.
In "Dust o' th' Road"
He was a great factor.
- J is for Joseph.
His first name is Harry.
On our class wiener roast
He helped make us merry.
- K is for Kaplan.
He plays basketball.
He's not very short
And not very tall.
- L is for Littell,
A great strapping laddy.
In the class play, "Carrots"
He made quite a "daddy."
- M is for McNulty,
Who is lacking in vim.
He is said to be tall
And also quite slim.
- N is for Nackenhorst,
A sweet Irish (?) lass.
As a mama to Carrots
She surely did pass.
- O is for others
Of whom I've not spoken.
I can't take all day
Or my voice will be broken.
- P is for Plummer,
A boy with a grin.
Don't get very close
Or you're sure to fall in.
- Q is for quarrel,
A thing never seen
In any class meeting
Of one, nine, seventeen.
- R is for Roberts,
Whose dad owns a dairy.
He goes with a girl
And he calls her a fairy.
- S is for Steiner,
Of hair-lip fame,
'Cause he can't raise a mustache
Is none of his blame.
- T is for Thompson,
A girl short and fat,
And as an actress
She ain't bad at that.
- U is for us,
That means you and me.
As long as you stand this
It fills me with glee.
- V is for Vitz,
A girl full of "pep."
And if you don't care,
You'd best "watch your step."
- W is for Wilkinson,
A girl with gold hair,
She is our class poet,
And we think she's a "bear."
- X is for Xmas,
A vacation well greeted
By all of the pupils
Who right now are seated.
- Y is for Yount,
A girl of good ways,
Whose presence we've honored
Through all of these days.
- Z is for Zany,
A clown or a fool,
Who ne'er has been found
In the halls of our school.



Senior Honor Roll.

Seven Terms—Clifford Folz, Paul Draper, Ruby Perkins.

Five Terms—Pauline Hart, Dallas Galbraith, John Davis, Martha Kaplan, Emma Tacoma, Helen Sommers.

Four Terms—Paul Iske, Evans Plummer, Marguerite Wetzel.

Three Terms—Elsa Goett, Esther

Hummel, Claska Tacoma, Grace Carter, John Goll.

Two Terms—Helene Fahrback, Harry Keil, Charles Drake, Dorothy Simering.

One Term—Mabel Tyner, Iva Stephens, Batiste Hauessen, Gretchen Nackenhorst, Victor Deitch, George Mess, Julius Frick, Robert McMurray, Lewis Ewbank, Esther Vitz.

Look Ahead in Choosing Gift.

A tile drinking fountain, to be placed in the main corridor of the new Manual Annex, is to be the gift of the January '17 class. The class, at a special meeting, December 10, decided to give the fountain instead of a Victrola or the rest of the series of King Arthur pictures. Benjamin Roberts, chairman of the gift committee, said that these three possibilities were thought the most practical gifts that had been suggested.

Concluded from page 5

Poor George and Harold must needs be penalized.

Nevertheless, they took their punishment like heroes.

The next thing was the Roines Party, Which was also good to remember.

Here, floated on our alert hearing Music, superb, entralling, grand;

And voice, and harmony we knew were rendered by

These our friends: Mr. Faust, the

Senior and Faculty quartettes

And others whom 'tis a joy to hear.

All our days we shall remember

Our Class Play, with its characters so fine.

And then, our Honor Roll

With its increased numbers who have Their names thereon, deservedly;

And Class Party on this our Class Day;

Soon we shall hear something of our future

From our famous Prophet, Ralph Proctor,

And then Robert McMurray, our will-maker

Will tell what we leave behind us.

Last of all the things we shall remember

Is our Booster with its aims so splendid, its high ideals

And its desire to bring out next year an Annual,

And so we bid you adieu, dear Class-mates.

Our schooldays are at an end,

And as we draw to the close

These of Longfellow's words come to our minds:

"Turn, turn my wheel! What is begun At daybreak, must at dark be done

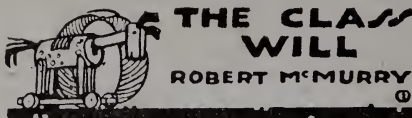
Tomorrow will be another day.

Tomorrow the hot furnace flame

Will search the heart and try the frame

And stamp with honor or with shame

These vessels made of clay."



Although we, the undersigned are extremely unwilling to leave this glorious school life, we are entirely willing to make a will and will here do so, having retained a very sound mind and memory through the ordeal. Do not consider us as being selfish and inhuman in taking away such a wealth of gray matter, knowledge, and so on; you will gain that eventually anyway. Besides, the effects bequeathed are invaluable. To insure honest execution of this testament, we have appointed that most faithful servant, our own Miss Burnside, as administratrix, who shall execute the will without delay after our departure.

Our effects are to be apportioned thus:

First: To the class of January '18 we will our beloved teacher and sponsor, Miss Burnside.

Secondly: We will to the Emmerich Manual Training High School Library two (2) sets of ten (10) volumes each of Louis Ewbank's now famous books on *How to Argue*.

Thirdly: To the June '17 class we will a set of ropes with which to pull their curtains in the class play.

Fourthly: Victor Deitch's Latin pony is willed to the Freshman who shall need it most.

Fifthly: To Everett Hughes we will one phonograph record, entitled *That Moanin' Saxophone Rag*.

Sixthly: John Davis' shell-rimmed glasses are willed to the first Freshman who takes a back seat in Miss Starling's room.

Seventhly: The mustache which adorns "Bob" Braggs' upper lip is willed to supplement Hall Marmon's.

Eighthly: Harold McNulty's commanding stature is willed to Taylor Obold.

Ninthly: The red wig which Ralph Proctor used as "Dinnis" is willed to "Bob" Peacher.

Tenthly: Last, but not least, the limelight which shall be on us up to and during our departure is willed to be turned upon the June '17 class with the best wishes of January '17.

(Signed) JANUARY '17 CLASS.

Robert McMurray, Attorney.
The School, Witness.

